

xv.

What marvel if their leader, too, would lay  
His fragile wreath of evanescent rhyme,  
At her dear feet whose image cheered his way,  
And warm'd with old home thoughts the lonely time,

xvi.

When as he watched that sculptured life-like smile  
Through many an anxious hour of Arctic gloom,  
Its magic influence would half beguile  
The bleak and barren ocean tracts to bloom —

xvii.

With well remembered woods, and Highland hills  
That cluster round a castle's stately towers ;  
And gleaming lawns, and glens, and murmuring rills,  
Where Edith plays amid the summer flowers !